

Finn William**"Get Money"**

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Yeah
Yeah (Geah)
Compton
Compton
For the millennium
Compton
Yeah
Comtpon (Geah)
Yeah
Thug Shit
Geah, geah, geah
(Half Ounce... Half Ounce)
Compton's Most Wanted
Yeah, uh
MC Eiht (Geah - Half Ounce, c'mon)
My nigga Boom Bam and Chill
My nigga DJ Slip, Lil' Hawk & Bird, Da Foe
Mighty Mike T
Check it out (geah)

[EIHT]
Who got the game on lock clown?
It's Comp-Town, five stakes by the pound
Steppin' the ho' down (hey!)
My pronounce spoke clearly
Weekly, monthly, yearly
You can't get nearly
Cause I'm down (yeah)
For the capital C-P-T (that's right)
My niggas put their money on me (chin-chin)
Show 'em what's it's all about
Knock a nigga out
Hard knock rhymes since the beginnin' on mine
You got your 9's, we got 9's too
Y'all ready to cap ?!
Anybody can pull a trigger
Y'all ready to scrap !? (ping!)
Get in where we fit in
My town on the map
Kicks the gangsta raps to make your hands claps
(geah)

Knick knack patty wack give a dog a bone
Y'all niggas can't - catch up live her alone
Compton kingpin is a nigga on the throne
We be's the crime niggas
Y'all niggas are ???

[EIHT]

This is how the gangstas play
Half Ounce niggas gettin' money today
W-S makin' moves y'all hear what I say
Scream out FUCK YOU!
Y'all you want is the stake
I said this is how the gangstas play
Half Ounce niggas gettin' money today
W-S (West Side) makin' moves y'all hear what I say
Scream out FUCK YOU!
Y'all you want is the stake
Check it out

[EIHT]

My Comrads said Wake Up And Ball (geah)
I take it personal I said I want it all
So I went from short stop to too tall (geah)
So I can hit your block some blowed trees to ??
Kicks laced up tight we ain't ready to fall (geah)
Take a look at my wall this Thug Life ain't small
Holler back y'all if you don't - get away
West Side is for the strong - weak niggas get away
Give or take in the ghetto world
Since the days a nigga had a California curl young with
a baby girl
Bounce with me if you - feel that
It's the only place with riders you know where we at
Slick cats for the hoodrats, block's hot
Every fuckin' neighborhood with a - chronic spot
Like it or not you can't escape the fuckin' sound
Keep your - hands down bitch, uh, hits the ground

[Chorus]

[THA CHILL]

Come from the land of the small left side of the
stateline (geah)
Home of the gang-bangin' and the dirty One-Time
Where the sky stay sunny, but the ground stay black
Cause we're scrapin' (?back purple?) with the candy on
the 'lac
Everybody pack Gats can't get caught without a choice
Fuck keys - we use fit to open up doors
Interact your own risk - cause the whole town pissed
Cause - Brenda got a baby, Lil' Johnny got 3.80

Ain't about to set it off - like it ain't no tomorrow (geah)
Leave the momma with the sorrow dumpin' out the
mighty car, loc
Cause it's anybody K-I-L-L-A (geah)
Cross the mile on the warrant all over where y'all stay
Hit 'em up when you see 'em, cause it's all on sight
(yeah)
Take a flight all my foes in the broad daylight
That's how you kill a muthafucka, and don't say shit
(geah)
This ain't no studio bangin' I'm as real as it get
Yeah (geah)

[EIHT]

Geah
Ahaha nigga
G's in here
For the two thou'
For the millennium
Yeah nigga
W-S on mine nigga
Half Ounce on mine too
You know what the fuck we represent
C-P-T
Like me nigga
Y'all like me
Geah (Half Ounce niggas get money today)
All day we
Don't play
Half Ounce
Geah
Ahaha, nigga
Geah

[Chorus]

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